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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
 —*Much Ado About Nothing.*



THE readers of *The Art Amateur*, after what they have been told on the subject from time to time, will hear without surprise that Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate" has been sold. The buyer is John Wanamaker, the big dry-goods dealer in Philadelphia. Mr. Sedelmeyer, Munkacsy's agent, according to newspaper reports, says that he gets "over \$100,000" for the picture, but will not state the exact amount. It will turn out, I think, that \$80,000 was nearer the price, and that the difference was paid for some other pictures by Munkacsy. There was a salesroom behind the big gold frame in the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle, and while the great "religious" exhibition was going on in the large hall in front, there was sometimes quite a brisk picture trade in the rear of the sanctuary.

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It is said that Mr. Wanamaker thinks of putting up a special building to hold the "Christ before Pilate," and will exhibit the painting as an aid to his business. This is not a new idea, for Mr. Mannheimer, in St. Paul, bought Benjamin Constant's enormous canvas in last year's Paris Salon, and shows it now, I believe, in the rear of his store. The experiment of popularizing art after this fashion is interesting, but it has not been uniformly successful. It failed in the case of the John Street jeweler who exhibited the huge picture "The Russian Wedding Feast," because so many persons went to see it that it nearly broke up the business in the front of the shop, through which every visitor had to pass. The exhibition of the big Bouguereau in an up-town bar-room has paid because the peculiar character of the subject makes it popular with the frequenters of the place, and, altogether, it may be said that the picture is happy in its surroundings. Perhaps Munkacsy's enormous painting could not find a more appropriate home than in the great Philadelphia dry-goods store. It is quite unsuitable for a church, and it is much too respectable for a bar-room. On the whole, the "great religious picture" may be said to have found its level, and both Mr. Sedelmeyer and Mr. Wanamaker are to be congratulated.

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It is not true that Mr. Huyler has given Mr. Schaus \$100,000 for his Rembrandt, with the intention of showing it to every customer who buys fifty cents' worth of molasses candy.

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At the recent auction sale, by Ortgies & Co., of the miscellaneous collection of Oriental objects of art sent to New York by Messrs. Gillet & Co., of Baltimore, the discovery that several pieces bore the private mark of a famous connoisseur of that city gave rise to the report that he had been weeding out his collection. Objects which had been sold to him at various times by Sichel, Bing, Vantine and Moore were also recognized by their respective labels. But what occasioned the greatest surprise was the evident ignorance of the person who compiled the catalogue. For instance, an exquisite piece of Oriental agate worth over \$100, was put down as glass, and brought \$13; a piece of black Satsuma, which ordinarily might bring \$300, was sold for \$14. Two dealers quietly picked up such bargains before the public had learned what an opportunity was being lost. The key to the mystery, I am told, is simply this: Mr. Martin Gillet was a frequent visitor at the house of the Baltimore connoisseur, who is so sapiently suspected of not knowing the difference between agate and glass, and either received in exchange or was presented with the pieces recognized by the New York dealers as having been sold by them. The errors in the catalogue are easily accounted for by the fact that the goods arrived here without any invoice and the descriptions were written in great haste by Mr. Ortgies, the auctioneer.

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It is fitting that this country, where some of the finest pictures by Millet are owned, and which welcomed them at a time when the master was not at all appreciated in the land of his birth, should now be able to boast of the only complete collection of his etchings and other autographic reproductions of his works. In

bringing about this, the dealer, Frederick Keppel, is quite obscured by Frederick Keppel the intelligent amateur, through whose courage and patience the public is indebted for the present delightful exhibition at his rooms. There is to be seen there the complete collection of Alfred Lebrun, of Paris, from which Lebrun's—the best catalogue of Millet's prints—was compiled, and to this is added the only impression of a lithograph by Millet, which Lebrun mentions in his catalogue, but supposed was irretrievably lost. How Mr. Keppel found out the lady who owned it, and kept her name and address a secret for years, until, finally, he made up his mind to pay her the extravagant price she put upon her treasure, will surely find a place in the next biography of Millet, together with the story of the origin of this unique print.

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THE lithograph is a vignette for a song entitled "Where Can He be?" published in 1848. "The stone," we are told, "was destroyed after this one proof was taken." I may remark, in passing, that this impression, which has music printed on the back, seems hardly likely to have been the "proof." But that is immaterial; it is certainly the only impression known. The picture represents a sentimental young woman leaning dejectedly on a balcony with her children grouped about her. Millet, it is related, was commissioned to make the drawing, and was to be paid thirty francs for it, but the publisher rejected it and ordered it to be erased from the stone. Millet, on asking to be paid for his work, was rudely repulsed, and, becoming importunate, was pushed out of the office, and the door was slammed upon his right hand so vigorously that he was unable to hold a pencil for weeks afterward.

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AMATEURS who grow delirious on the subject of "states" of an etching, will find in this collection many that are extremely rare, and others that are unique. There are all four "states"—the second one is unique—of "Two Men Digging," the unfinished painting which, it will be remembered, was in the Mary Morgan sale. Of "Peasants Going to Work" will be found a unique trial proof by Millet himself, showing three fragments of the plate, and a very rare and beautiful proof of the first state, before signing, but bearing the master's autographic dedication to Theodore Rousseau. What interested me more than the mere rarity of some of the "states" in the collection, were the little proofs taken by Millet with color from his palette, the necessary pressure being obtained by the aid of the back of a spoon. That of "A Woman Sewing," taken in this manner, is remarkably beautiful. "A Sheep Grazing," a little drypoint sketch, made in 1849, shown in two states—the second with an imitation of the signature of Charles Jacque—is quite curious, as probably giving rise to the story that has been told of Millet forging the name of Jacque to some of his plates, so that he might better be able to sell his work; but, knowing what one does of Millet's character, it seems far more probable that Millet signed the name of his friend in jest. The second state shows the plate defaced, as if there had been no intention to carry the joke any further. Moreover, the sketch is too unimportant to have found a market in Millet's day, even bearing the signature of Jacque. Mr. Keppel also shows several interesting little crayon sketches by Millet which have not been seen before. Whatever disposition may be made of these, it is sincerely to be hoped that the collection of prints will be kept intact; and this seems probable, inasmuch as \$500 has been refused for the little trial proof of the "Peasant with a Wheelbarrow."

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THE Baltimore correspondent is in error who telegraphed to a New York journal that Mr. Walters had recently added to his collection a Jules Breton, "The Connoisseur," by Fortuny, Bonnat's "Arab Sheik," and Delacroix's "Crucifixion" and "Sea of Galilee." Excepting the last two pictures, which were recently imported for Mr. Walters, the purchases were all made at the Mary Morgan sale.

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AN event of decided importance to collectors in this country was the opening, last month, in Fifth Avenue, of the branch house of the great firm of S. Bing, of Paris. Leading dealers here, as well as the collectors, have been his customers, and will doubtless be so more than ever now that he has gone into partnership with the popular Mr. John Getz, formerly with Herter Brothers, who can deal with them directly. A remarkable stock was

shown at the opening, which was attended by several dealers and many collectors, the latter including Messrs. Ives, Havemeyer, Dana, Clarke, Altman and C. S. Smith. Notable among the Chinese porcelains were a very rare Keen-lung bottle (twenty inches high), with the seal mark under the glaze, superbly decorated with peaches and blossoms; an absolutely perfect turquoise vase (eighteen and one half inches), of brilliant glaze, shark skin crackle—or "shad-ro," as American collectors call it—engraved with the five-clawed dragon; an Imperial yellow bottle (seventeen inches) with rich, iridescent glaze with incised decoration in transparent green; two Kang-he beakers (twenty-nine inches)—not a pair—with landscape and medallion decoration; and a black vase with cover superbly decorated with magnolias and hydrangeas. This last-named piece (twenty-five and one half inches high) is similar to that which was in the Morgan collection, but the decoration of which was magnolias and hawthorn. Mr. Henry Gibson, of Philadelphia, paid over \$1600 for it, and it was thought a bargain.

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THE pictures belonging to the Robert Graves estate brought \$122,065. There was a three nights' sale at Chickering Hall, a handsome illustrated catalogue, and the same flourish, generally, as if the affair was one of the great art events of the century. The fact is, that, if the gallery had been weeded, according to the intention of Mr. Graves, who did not live to carry it out, one nights' sale would have sufficed, and the general character of the collection would have been so much improved that much better sums would probably have been realized for the really good paintings, which were more numerous than the sweeping denunciations of some of the daily papers would lead one to believe. There was a loss of \$22,000 on the first and second nights' sales, but the last night reduced the loss on the collection as a whole. The absurd price of \$10,100 was paid for the Corot, which has no better character for genuineness than the "Rubens" masterpieces, and, certainly, in the ordinary course of business, could not be sold by any dealer for a quarter of that sum. Mr. C. P. Huntington, the railway magnate—who paid \$25,000 for "The Missionary's Story," by Vibert, at the Morgan sale—bought it, and the price was run up on him in the same way. He also bought Rousseau's "Sunset at D'Arbonne" for \$5100. "Le Jour," by Bouguereau, was bought for \$5550 by Knoedler, who sold it to Mr. Graves for \$8500, it is said. Bouguereau's "Cupid Disarmed" went for \$7700 to Mr. Thomas Lowry, President of the Art Association of Minneapolis, who was offered \$1000 premium for his bargain. The third Bouguereau of the collection, "The Little Sufferer" which Christ Delmonico sold to Mr. Graves for \$1600, was bought by Judge Hilton for \$2525. On the other hand, "The Swimming Lesson," by Wilhelm Kray, which, at the sale of the Dousman collection brought \$1325, went for \$565. "Too Hot," by Meyer von Bremen, went to Mr. Lowry for \$1575, which was not dear according to ruling prices. Mr. W. F. Foster bought "Anticipation" and "Doubt," by Casanova, at \$1325 each—somewhat above their market value.

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BLAKESLEE, the dealer, got a Michel (?) for \$175; "The Night Market," by Van Schendel, for \$425; Courbet's "Storm off the Coast," for \$510, and Edwin Douglas's "Mid-day Rest" for \$800. Reichard bought the George Inness "Landscape" (78) for \$195; the "Sunset" (182) for \$500; Michel's "Entrance to the Forest of Fontainebleau," for \$505; Jacque's "Sheep at Pasture," for \$560, and the "Troyon" (192) for \$1,500.

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IN addition to purchases already named, Judge Hilton bought Ribot's "Mending his Pen," for \$260; Escosura's "Morning Visit," for \$675, and Lesrel's "Baptism of the Prince of Condé," for \$1500. Mr. S. M. Milliken gave \$1020 for "The Preferred One," by Detti, and \$550 for Verboeckhoven's "Cattle and Sheep." Mrs. Leonard Dater bought Carl Brandt's "Resignation," for \$1050. The fine Michel, "Landscape near Montmartre," was bought by J. W. Mason, for \$1500; Troyon's admirable "Landscape and Sheep," by Mr. Ed. Kearney, for \$3250. Schreyer's "Gipsy Encampment" was bought by Mr. Sistare for \$2100; and Rousseau's "Oak Trees in Autumn," by Mr. D. P. Q. Pope, for \$2000.

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ESCOSURA's large "Abdication of the King," sold to L. Johnston for \$1125, must have cost twice as much, "The Sentinel," by Edouard Frère, which Reichard

bought for \$480, at the Whitney sale brought \$560. Dupré's "Landscape and Cottages," which, at the Seney sale, was sold for \$1200, was knocked down to Mrs. L. Dater for \$650, and the exquisite "Twilight," by the same artist, which went for \$2000 at the Seney sale, was bought by Mr. D. P. Q. Pope for \$1000. Reichard got the little Isabey, "A French Seaport," a bargain, at \$480. There was a sentimental contest among the heirs of Mr. Graves for the possession of Merle's "Nursery Tales," which had long been a favorite in the home on account of a fanciful resemblance of some of the faces in the picture to those of certain members of the family. One of the daughters bid up to \$3000 to secure the prize for which her father had paid \$5000. The large "Shepherdess," by Jacque, which cost \$1000, was sold to Mr. James F. Sutton for \$1400. The beautiful Van Marcke went to Mr. J. C. Hoagland for \$3000.

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THE American pictures, as a rule, suffered badly, some going for little more than the value of the frames. The largest price was paid for Bierstadt's "Sierra Nevada—Morning," which went to Judge Hilton for \$2450. George Inness's "Italian Landscape" was sold for \$175. Mr. J. Abner Harper for \$100 secured Blake-lock's "Indian Camp," a fair example of the genre of that erratic painter.

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THE bric-à-brac, generally, went at low prices. Mr. D. P. Q. Pope bought largely, and generally got bargains. To him fell the large pair of vases, 211, at \$158 each; the carved jades, 242 and 248, at \$135 and \$200; the large double cornelian vase, 273, at \$190; the fine ivory group of "Gama and his Toads," very cheap at \$175; the Japanese long swords, 356 and 358, bargains at \$126 and \$127.50; the Mandarin vase, 376, at \$123; and the splendid incense-burner and stand, 401 and 402, at \$310 and \$110, the original cost of which was \$1200. Mr. Van Valkenburgh paid \$217.50 for a large Yung-Ching turquoise bottle vase, with "shad-roë" crackle, such as is sold for \$3000 or more. Mr. John Taylor Johnston gave only \$100 for the fine Ming, yellow Temple jar and cover, 377. Mrs. Anderson got a bargain in the large coral jar, 363, at \$145, as did Mr. Dominick (of Dominick & Haff), in the Keen-lung bottle shape vase, 364. Mr. Phillips gave \$480 for the rock crystal ball, 278, said to be four and one half inches in diameter—there is a feather flaw in it. Mr. Rockefeller bought another. The fine pair of carved ivory tusks, 344, fell to a Mr. Johnson at \$400 each—about half their cost.

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AMONG the few notable lacquers was the beautiful Daimio box, 309, which went, very cheap at \$190, to some one whose name I did not ascertain. In the Japanese swords there were some remarkable bargains, Mr. E. Dwight Church getting the Daimio short sword, with silver scabbard and handle, 345, for \$225, which cost \$300, years ago in Japan, and ought to have brought \$1000; he got 347 for only \$75. Among the purchases by the dealers—generally for customers—were the incense-burner, 218, by Avery, for \$200; the jade teapot, 232, by H. J. Duveen, for \$201; the Daimio sword, 353, by the same, for \$135, and the steel-blue jade vase, by R. E. Moore, for \$75.

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WHEN paintings by famous artists of to-day, by the lapse of ages, duly become works by "old masters," the features of Americans of the last quarter of the nineteenth century will be well represented. For instance, there will be Meissonier's portrait of W. H. Vanderbilt, and (if it is not indeed destroyed, as many persons believe) that of Mrs. Mackay; Madrazo's Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt; Cabanel's Mrs. Bradley Martin; Bonnat's John Taylor Johnson, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and W. T. Walters, and, of more recent date, Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, and Mr. Robb; Carolus Duran will be represented by his charming portrait of little Consuela, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Miss Robbins; John L. Sargent by his Miss Burkhardt, Mrs. Vickers and the Misses Vickers; Jules Lefebvre, by his recent group of the children of Mrs. Ogden Goelet; and now Munkacsy has gone off and left behind portraits of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Dr. James McCosh and Henry G. Marquand. Of course it is barely possible that some of the painters named may not exactly be accepted as "old masters" by a critical posterity.

MONTEZUMA.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE twentieth annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society at the Academy of Design is highly creditable. It is true, there are not many pictures of commanding merit; but very few fall much below mediocrity. The average standard has undoubtedly been raised by the courage of the hanging committee in rejecting about as many contributions as were accepted. There are 656 numbers in the catalogue.

Taking the rooms in order, in the north gallery one first lights upon Alice Hirschberg's pretty study of "A Willow," in cool greens and grays. Helen Purdy's clever and dashing old horses and bridge, "In Nuremberg," hangs near it, and, under that, Percival de Luce's cross-looking girl in blue and lilac, "Interrupted" while reading a novel before a tiled kitchen fireplace. Rudolph F. Bunner has a spry-looking girl riding a snail big enough to have been fattened on Pantagruel's lettuces. He calls her "Vesperia." Red roofs and brown windmill in "A Misty Morning, Holland," are by Mrs. C. B. Coman. A long quotation which Henry Farrer admires as a specimen of word painting serves as title to his poetical picture of a pool with leafless trees about it. "Around the Hearth," three unconventional peasants—girl in the middle with apples in her lap, old folks right and left—not very well composed, but well handled, is sent from Paris by Otto Stark. It is the opposite in most respects of Wm. Magrath's "The Student," which, in something more than composition, shows a decided Alma-Tadema influence: a pensive and ill-favored young Greek in a green robe, sits on a marble bench by a fountain, abstractedly watching two pretty girls in pink and yellow who are filling their pitchers. In spite of somewhat too laborious finish there is much merit in the work, which shows good painting of textures and a feeling for bright sunshine. Equally pleasing and more spontaneous is Francis C. Jones's girl in white looking at "The Favorite Print." H. W. Ranger knows where to go in New York for the picturesque, and, as a result, we have such delightful bits as his "Early Morning at Gansevoort Market," with snow on the ground and electric lights waning against a bit of yellow dawn, and, better still, his "Effect of Sunset and Snow." Homer S. Martin has, here and in the other rooms, several drawings of quiet river banks, unmatched for their modest truth and simple execution. Helen E. Roby's "Nasturtiums" are gracefully drawn and brilliantly colored. F. Childe Hassam has companion pictures of a shady nook in the country, with sunlight striking through the willows, and, as a contrast, a rainy day in the Back Bay part of Boston, with clouds of steam coming up from locomotives on the sunken railroad track. Alfred Kappes's "Julius Cæsar and his Grandmother" is one of those excellent bits of genre of negro life, in the portrayal of which he has no rival. "At the Ferry," by C. Y. Turner, marked at the modest price of \$1000, is a Dutch peasant costume subject of large size and very little interest.

In the east gallery, Charles Parsons has a disappointing "Sketch at Montclair, N. J.," and Thos. W. Shields an equally disappointing architectural subject, "Piazza St. Andrea, Amalfi." The buildings, with their colored exterior decorations, are certainly interesting, but such subjects are not in the artist's line. Horatio Walker's "Peasant Woman," wringing out some clothes in a dark kitchen, is effective, and good in action and expression. Jas. D. Smillie has a chromoish Etréat, Normandy, which the catalogue kindly informs us is on the coast of France. Perhaps it was from there that has come Geo. W. Maynard's French maid, who is making her fellow-servant acquainted with the contents of a yellow-covered novel in "A Free Translation." Bruce Crane is one of the many who has tried to paint snow this year and failed. In his "Over the Hills" the distance comes forward and the foreground recedes. "Gray Twilight," by Charles Melville Dewey, is wrongly named. It is a rich bit of color, autumn woods and evening sky. "On the Dunes" and "A Costume Study" are two of a number of clever little things by Robert Blum. Thomas Moran's "The Guidecca, Venice," is in his most fluent Turneresque vein. H. Muhrman's excellent group of "Children Crossing a Creek" is very strongly painted and richly colored, but has nothing of the quality of an aquarelle, with its uniform opacity, save where he has scratched the paper for his lights. Newton A. Wells's painfully stippled and woodeny picture of "The Bath," with the refractory child screaming "I don't want to!" may please the

nursery-maid, but the artist will turn from it with a smile.

Thoroughly admirable in color are John La Farge's "Aphrodite" and "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary," the latter, especially, which can only be compared with a mosaic of precious stones sparkling in full sunlight. These charming bits of decoration are the first things to greet us on entering the south gallery. Mr. La Farge's clever pupil, John Johnstone, is also represented here, and very creditably, with his poetical little compositions, "A Water Baby" and a "Mermaid on a Dolphin," which show how nearly he has come to mastering Mr. La Farge's secrets of color. William H. Lippincott has an extremely clever study of a hand, and a very pretty hand it is. To F. S. Church the visitor is indebted for some exquisitely delicate bits of color and poetic invention. One can well envy Mr. W. T. Evans the possession of "White Swans and Pink Lilies," a panel which should find a home in the daintiest boudoir in the land. In "Sketching from Nature," Mr. Church shows a decorative tangle of brushwood and foliage, and on the lower margin a sweet nymph sitting under the shade of a tree sketching a group of rabbits, which are posing with the most comical air of self-consciousness. In a totally different vein he shows us two bears, one dead and the other in a state of "Desolation"—the title of the picture—sending up a frozen howl from Oonalaska's shore. Leon Moran's "Gentleman of the Eighteenth Century" is masterly in technic, but is only a costume study. "An Interesting Story" is no less admirable in execution, and shows excellent expression in the faces of the men in last century attire. Percy Moran has several contributions, all clever, if not all interesting. Moran père has seven pictures, of which we prefer his "Off the Battery"—given in oils, in a somewhat different composition, at the recent exhibition at the Lotus Club. The suggestion of bustle and activity conveyed by the snorting little tug which is ploughing up the water is good so far as it goes; but it might be carried further, by corresponding indications on the shore, by, let us say, ascending jets of steam from the factories, which, with their beautiful gray, lend themselves charmingly to such pictorial purposes. Mr. Moran might also sacrifice something of truth to picturesqueness by introducing an outgoing steamer or two, although, perhaps, such vessels are not to be encountered "off the Battery."

A. H. Wyant has a misty "Forenoon in Kerry," and Mary Minns Morse "A White Day on Long Island Sound." Emil Carlsen's "Moncour" is a remarkably successful painting of a very simple subject—a road and bit of meadow, with a few gray houses in the distance. F. D. Millet sends a Greek girl seated by a circular window in a palace tower, with a wreath of roses "For the Victor" in the contest which she is supposed to be watching. All, doubtless, is archæologically, as well as anatomically, correct, but it is impossible to account for the similarity of the light inside and outside the window, except on the supposition that the former comes from some unseen window or door on the opposite side. There is little to be said in praise of Alfred Fredericks's "Amphitrite and Her Shell Fleet," japanned tin, which, by way of contrast presumably, is hung close to Geo. W. Maynard's very unconventional "Sea Witch." This shows nice feeling in the treatment of the flesh tints, and the wave painting is strong; but the anatomy of the curious, sportive creature, which should be human, at least so far as the torso is concerned, is more than doubtful. Henry B. Snell's "Burgomaster's Daughter" is handsome; Matilda Brown's "Pansies" are fresh and flowerlike; and F. Hopkinson Smith's "January Thaw"—a capital representation of Madison Square, looking south—is properly slushy and muddy, although, from some reason or another, the scene does not look like one in New York. A really fine work is J. Alden Weir's "Consolation," a high-church looking young widow, who might be the heroine of a novel by Trollope, sitting with her back to the dim light that finds it way across a genteelly furnished room, a little girl in white being on the floor beside her. The same clever artist, who is unusually well represented at this exhibition, sends a delightfully painted "portrait" of a little fellow in a high chair, playing a solo with his spoon on a tin porringer, and "The First Snow," if we are not wrong in our guess—for we only get a back view this time—shows the same delightful little urchin looking out of the window, with the dog, which is standing on its hind legs to get a better view of the street.

A. M. Turner has found a charming subject in his